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A FRAT TO REMEMBER

Every year, as we all know, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Collegiate Fraternities awards a highly coveted prize to the fraternity house which, in its judgment, has done the most to promote and enhance the fraternity way of life. The prize this year—eight hundred pounds of white putty—goes to the Sigma Phi Nothing chapter of the South Dakota College of Dentistry and Renaissance Art.

The award this year is exceptionally richly deserved, for the Sigma Phi Nothing house is the very model of all a fraternity should be. It is, first of all, a most attractive house physically. The outside walls are tastefully covered with sequins. Running along the upper story is a widow's walk, with a widow stationed every three feet. Moored to the chimney pot is the Graf Zeppelin.

Indoors, the house gives an impression of simple, casual charm. The chapter room is furnished in honey maple and chintz, with a dash of verve provided by a carp pool three hundred feet in diameter. A waterspout rises from the center of the pool with the housemother bouncing on the top.

Members' rooms are gracious and airy and are provided with beds which disappear into the wall—permanently. Each room also has a desk, a comfortable chair, a good reading lamp, and a catapult for skeetshooting. Kidney-shaped desks are available for kidney-shaped members.

Perhaps the most fetching feature of the house are the packs of Marlboros stacked in heaps wherever one goes. If one wishes to settle back and enjoy a full-flavored smoke, one needs only to reach out one's hand in any direction and pick a pack of Marlboros—soft pack or flip-top box—and make one's self comfortable with a filtered cigarette with an unfiltered taste—that triumph of the tobacconist's art, that paragon of smokes, that acme of cigarettes, that employer of mine—Marlboro!

The decor, the grace, the Marlboros, all combine to make Sigma Phi Nothing a real gas of a fraternity. But a fraternity is more than *things*; it is also *people*. And it is in the people department that Sigma Phi Nothing really shines.

Sigma Phi Nothing has among its members the biggest BMOCs on the entire campus of the South Dakota College of Dentistry and Renaissance Art. There is, for instance, *William Makepeace Sigafoos*, charcoal and bun chairman of the annual Stamp Club outing. Then there is *Dan Rovia*, winner of last year's All-South Dakota State Monopoly Championship, *135 Pound Class*. Then there is *Rock Schwartz*, who can sleep standing up. Then there is *Tremblant Placebo*, who can crack pecans in his armpits. Then there is *Ralph Tungsten*, who went bald

at eight.

But why go on? You can see what a splendid bunch of chaps there is in Sigma Phi Nothing, and when one sees them at the house in the cool of the evening, all busy with their tasks—some picking locks, some playing Jacks-or-Better, some clipping Playboy—one's heart fills up and one's eyes grow misty, and one cannot but give three cheers and a tiger for Sigma Phi Nothing, fraternity of the year!

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And while you're cheering, how about a huzzah for the newest member of the Marlboro family of fine cigarettes—unfiltered, mild, delightful Philip Morris king-size Commander! Have a Commander—welcome aboard!

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